

jägerbomb

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by [gaygigging](#)

Summary

Dream has never seen himself as equal to other people. Frankly, he's above them; and he knows it. He fucks anyone he wants, get everything he desires.

George proves a challenge for him, and he's not one to lose.

Notes

i have had this idea rotting in my brain for literally three months now, PLEASE just take it. pure smut. pure, dark and heavy smut smut smut.

for kai, my beloved. happy belated birthday

enjoy you filthies

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Everyone knew Dream.

The ever so elusive Dream, who snaked his way into the grasp of relenting girls and boys, who let his stare linger a little too long, who planned his steps with meticulous ferocity. Dream, who touched but could not be touched. Dream, who left an infinite spiral of broken hearts in his wake.

Dream, who fucked anyone he wanted.

Everybody knew his name.

And he liked it that way.

Here are the rules to get into bed with Dream.

1. Never at his place. Don't even bring up the option of his place, because he'll just turn you away and find the next sweetheart who's just waiting for their turn. Something about anonymity, people rumour, or perhaps he just doesn't want people to see any more of him than he's willing to give. Always your place.
 2. Face down, ass up. He is *always* top, always in control. It's his favourite position, giving him a good view of his big cock sliding in and out of his newest conquest. He loved it, got off the thrill of seeing someone so fucked dumb on his cock. He used one hand to hold them down, the other on the headboard as leverage for his earth-shattering thrusts. He's a god at dirty talk, and just leans down to whisper in their ear. He doesn't expect them to respond in any more than whimpers and moans, at the rate he's pounding them into the mattress.
 3. No marks. Cut your nails. He doesn't even entertain the thought of somebody dragging their nails into his skin, leaving red crescents in his pale flesh. No hickeys, either. He'll slap you away if you even try. Your skin is fair game for him though, and maybe you'll leave with a couple on your thighs or your neck as a treat.
 4. Don't call him. Don't even bother. He never fucks the same person twice, anyway. You get your chance, and you enjoy it, save it for whatever perverted spank bank you have. He'll let your calls run to voicemail, or block you.
 5. He won't remember your name. Don't take it personally, he doesn't remember anyone's.
-

Dream saw himself as a god amongst men. 6 foot 4, built like a Greek god, hair spun from threads of sunlight, he *knew* he was attractive, and god, did he use it to his advantage. He was in and out of beds almost every night, and he saw it as *charity*, like a goddamn missionary. To give people the best fuck of their lives, and more often than not, his missions only validated his claims.

Tonight is no different. Under the dim lights of the club, he has a girl under his clutches, licking words into the shell of her ear. His hand snakes its way around her waist, feeling the supple skin almost melt in his blazing hands, and she's eating it up like her last meal on death row. She turns to him, and Dream smiles at the way her eyes look blissed-out; so pliant, so ready, and he hasn't even kissed her yet. She reaches for him and he meets her halfway, pressing his lips to her soft ones and tasting the cherry that taints her lips. *Yummy*, he thinks, thoughts still clear as day. *I could take this one tonight.*

The girl whispers her name to him- Amanda, he thinks he hears- and her fingers lace around his

wrist. She doesn't ask for his name; she doesn't have to, she already knows, and this revelation only inflates Dream's ego further. Her perfume is sweet, floral and just a hint of spicy, and he decides he likes it. They dance together, liplocked and caught in a trance of each other. Her moves get increasingly sloppy, and Dream is all ready to take her hand and get out of this stupid, dingy club, waving goodbye to his friends who are all too familiar with this arrangement.

And then under the smatter of the fluorescent disco lights, he catches something out of his peripherals. His eyes follow the boy as he laughs with his friends, sitting on a high stool at the table by the bar. Somehow, Dream can hear his laugh through the raucous music and this girl- Amelie?- trying to shove her hands into Dream's chest. He's distracted now, eyes trailing over the milky collarbones and the tantalising triangle of skin that he's left uncovered by his silky, translucent button down. It's not unusual for Dream to drop whoever he's holding to cash in on whatever lucky prey he's got his eyes on now, and it looks like fresh bait just entered the river.

He lifts Andrea's hands off of him, remorseless and almost bored with the way she whines, and turns back sullenly to her friends. Dream decides no, he won't make his way just yet. He walks back over to where his friends are sitting, bickering loudly about something or other.

"No, no, no, that's what- that's why you're fucking single, dude," Sapnap fires at Punz, wide, bloodshot eyes flickering up to meet Dream's as he scooches in slightly to make space for him. "Hey big man, got rejected?" He laughs to Dream's annoyance, and claps a warm hand on his shoulder.

"No." Dream answers curtly, tearing his gaze away from the boy at the bar. He's smiling, some kind of angelic innocence just *emanating* from the way he's sitting, one leg on top of the other, elbows perched on the bar top and head held up by his hands, so lithe and nimble. Dream wants to mark him, draw pretty bruises into his neck, press his fingers into his thighs. *God*, he can almost hear the kittish whines that would leave those pretty, pink lips. "Not interested."

Sapnap cranes his neck to get a good look where his best friend's gaze was melting into, and almost burst out laughing. "Got distracted, huh? On to your next conquest already?"

Dream gives him a playful shove. "Shut up." Sapnap was used to this, used to Dream getting what he wanted, so he shrugs and delves right back into bantering with Punz. Bad and Skeppy sit, coddled up to one another in the corner of the booth, nursing drinks and intimate kisses, to which Punz and Sapnap jeer at.

"Get a fucking room, jerks."

"We would have," Bad shoots right back, "but somehow I remember you calling me begging us to come to drinks tonight."

They erupt into hearty laughter, but Dream's thoughts are too far away to properly join them. Where he's sitting, he's got a direct view of the boy, and if the boy looked up and straight ahead, he'd definitely catch Dream's gaze.

And just as Dream thinks this, he looks up. Curious brown eyes flit in the shady lighting, up to the dancing bodies on the floor swaying to the magnetic rhythm of whatever stupid pop song was playing, and down, down, down. He meets burning emerald, and Dream feels his lip twitch into a smile before he can stop it.

The boy smiles back, and Dream's won.

He watches as he fumbles over a couple of words, glancing down, around, and then back up at

Dream, before forcibly tearing his gaze away from him. If he's not being too cocky, Dream would say he could almost see his cheeks flare a dusty pink under the neon lighting.

Dream lets himself take a sip, joining back the conversation at hand. He allows a couple of laughs, nonchalant glances back at the boy, all in his ploy to fluster this blushing boy. The moment he sees his stare linger just a beat too long, he knows he's wormed his way into this boy's mind.

"Shall we go dance?" He abruptly ends whatever pointless conversation they were having, splaying his big hands on the table.

"Why?" Sapnap quips. "So you can seduce that pretty boy at the bar with your subpar dance moves?"

"Yes, actually," he graces Sapnap with a quick smile, before rising from his seat. "Come on now, don't leave a man on the floor by himself."

Sapnap and Punz huff, taking their own time to get up and dance. "Fine," Punz remarks. "But if you ditch us for somebody *again* --"

"Oh, it's bound to happen," Sapnap laughs, bumping Dream's shoulder. "He's already got his eye on someone."

And speaking of, the boy was watching Dream's movement with some kind of wonder in his amber eyes, almost like he was riling himself up to get himself on the dance floor and closer to Dream. It made his chest swell, knowing he'd taken the bait, and he could finally mark this sweet little boy as his own for the night.

"-- fuck, dude, I'm not fucking carpooling again. If he ditches, y'all are getting your own Ubers."

"Shut up," Dream hisses. "Just have fun for now, we'll worry about all that bullshit later." They trail onto the dance floor, and the moment people see Dream's kerosene eyes, they make way for him. Everyone in this crowd knows him, of course they do. They've either fucked him or know someone who has, and they all know that his reputation precedes him.

They also know he lives exactly up to it.

So he dances, feeling the minutes tick away as he grinds up against random people, always keeping an eye on the soft brunette in the corner. As he expected, they're watching each other, as if they're waiting for the other to initiate something, anything to address the thickening tension that's rising between them. Dream casts his rod, and the boy catches it.

Dream tugs his bottom lip in between his teeth and softens his eyes, almost an invitation to come up to him and dance with him. He watches his breath hitch, and the flurry to his friends. He could almost hear the *he's looking at me, what do I do, what do I do?* that he's so used to. He watches the friend group rise from their seats, leaving a cute, fluffy-haired boy to take care of the drinks. He's shooing them away, like he's reminding them it's *his* turn as the designated driver and they can trust him to enjoy himself just sitting there.

The rest of them bound down to the dance floor, mingling with other sweaty bodies, but none of them catch his attention the way this boy does. Suddenly he's so close, and an unfamiliar nervousness rises in Dream's fingertips. Why is he nervous? He's done this a million times, fucked more people than he could count- why is he nervous around some random stranger whose pearly skin just looks *so good*, trailing through meadows and fields of pale flesh and dipping into the confines of his button down. He watches the boy sway his hips, almost like he's commanding

Dream's attention.

He doesn't come straight towards Dream, which he doesn't expect. Most people cut to the chase, planting lips against the column of Dream's neck, murmuring in desperation and glittering need. But this boy beats around the bush, dancing around strangers who, frankly, pale in comparison to Dream. They're not as tall, not as broad, not as handsome. Yet, the boy holds out, and Dream is almost impatient.

But he's already dropped one person today, and invested so much time in this one, so he figures; maybe he'll play along. Maybe he'll toe around the tension too, and see where they end up. He grinds against a girl that's too giggly and too handsy, and her hips aren't as supple as the boy's. They're looking at each other, daring one another to jump the gun. The lights flood Dream's peripherals, blinding him with pinks and greens and blues, and they bathe the boy in some sort of heavenly glow. He wants to reach out, grab ahold of his thin wrist, and crash his lips onto his.

Dream isn't one to crumble to desire. He isn't, he waits for the other to crumble because he knows, at the end of the day, he always gets what he wants. So he holds out, tearing his gaze away and dances with whatever lucky bitch has found their way in front of him.

He's entranced by the adrenaline that courses through his veins, his heart pumping to the beat of the shitty song that's blasting through the speakers. He almost laughs at himself. Who has he become, playing a waiting game with some quick fuck he's going to forget in the morning? He rolls his eyes at himself, and glances over to where he'd last seen the boy.

All he's greeted with are random bodies, driven by hormonal urges. No pretty boy in sight. He quirks an eyebrow.

"Looking for me?"

God, his voice is butter. Melted sunlight draping over rooftops, golden trimming cotton clouds. Dream turns around to the boy, now looking up at him. He barely comes up to his shoulder, and this height difference riles something in his brain.

"Mm, how'd you know?" His voice rumbles through his chest, and if he hadn't been so close, the words would've been lost in the pulsating atmosphere that surrounded them. But somehow, here, as green meets brown, they're connected, apart from the rest of the world. Dream has never wanted to sink his teeth into a meal so bad before.

The boy laughs. It's enticing, a gentle tinkle against the heavy beats. "Well, I think the whole staring game gave it away."

So he can talk. Dream likes fucks like these, where they can hold a real conversation rather than just muffled whimpers as they grind against his thigh in some kind of trance. Of course, he didn't mind those either; it made for convenience, you know? But he enjoyed the pregame, enjoyed entertaining mundane conversation.

Dream dips his head, his lips ghosting gently against the shell of the boy's ear. "What do you say we get outta here?" Dream murmurs, and the way the boy almost shivers in his grasp does not go unnoticed. He can hear a shuddering breath. *Let go*, he thinks. *There we go*.

Instead, he's met with a gentle hand coming up to push him away, and he's looking at the boy with a quizzical look. The boy smiles shyly. "I think," he begins, and Dream can't help but notice the plumpness of his lips, how full they look, pretty and pink. "we should exchange names first."

He's asking for his name. Dream could almost laugh. Had he never heard about him? Had this been anyone else, their ego would have been bruised, and Dream brushes it off with his galvanised pride. Still, he couldn't help the look of surprise that crossed his features.

Dream hesitates. "I'm Dream," he says finally, expecting the realisation to dawn on the boy's face. Waits for him to stumble again on his words, stuttering an apology. It doesn't come.

"I'm George," the boy chirps. *George*. What an ordinary name, soon to be forgotten, tossed with the sea of names he's been fed today. But he smiles at George, and leans down again.

"So, can we get outta here now?"

He barely got out a bye to Sapnap and Punz before George is dragging him out by the wrist, and once they're out in the chilly Florida night, their lips crash together in furious liplock, and Dream could smell the rich, fruity scent of George's perfume.

George is pulling on Dream's collar like a lifeline, like he's swallowing every grunt and breath he lets out. Dream is no better, hands melting into the sides of George's waist, gripping him to keep him steady. His lips are heavy on George's tasting the strawberry gloss that smudges and turns the area around his lips pink.

It's dangerous, the way Dream's teetering over the edge, about to give in and ravish this boy right here on the street. George pulls away, tilting up and kissing softly up the column of Dream's neck, sinking gentle teeth into the sensitive flesh. Dream throws his head back, almost in a trance, keeping a small moan grounded in his throat. *Stay in power*, he reminds himself. But as soon as those lips latched on to him they were gone, and George's wild eyes looks up at him.

"Uber's here," he tells Dream, and Dream just then notices a black car pull up in front of them.

The night is full of tantalising whispers and whorish moans. George's place is humble, but Dream barely has time to register it as they're tripping over their feet to get to the bedroom. Dream has George tangled in his own sheets, gasping his name like a prayer. He can't get the image of George's fucked out face, covered in spit and cum and slick out of his head, only fucking him harder to see it again.

George's moans are angelic. They reverberated against the four walls of his tiny bedroom, and it clouds Dream's memories as he drilled his thick cock into George over and over again, pushing him to completion multiple times through the night. The night passes by in a haze, and Dream finally, *finally* comes, deep in George's ass, red and abused from the hours of pure euphoria.

He smiles, watching as George attempts to turn his head to look at Dream. His eyes, muddled and blissed out, carried a glittering warmth that almost melted the stone cold refuge of Dream's sternum. As he pulled out slowly, George's eyes scrunched up, and he whined at the sudden emptiness, his hole clenching around nothing.

A good fuck, overall, Dream thinks. He's almost tempted to press a small kiss to George's temple as he gets up and gets dressed, watching George's slumbering figure, tired and exhausted on the bed. But he doesn't, never does. Instead, he lets himself out, ego swelling from another conquest he gets to wear with pride.

When he gets home, it's a different story.

What he notices first are the red crescent welts in his forearm. He looks at them in curiosity, wondering if he'd scratched his arm on something sharp in the club. As he looks closer, he realises.

George had left fingernail marks in his skin.

He scoffs. Had he not noticed him doing that? Now as he thinks about it, a vague, hazy memory comes to mind, one of George in pure bliss, hands reaching for purchase in his sheets, his pillows, Dream's forearms braced next to his head. He wonders how he didn't notice it then, and chalks it up to some one time mistake.

And then he looks in the mirror and almost chokes.

There, littered proudly, was a collar of love bites, suckled in deep mauve and pretty purple. "What the fuck?" he spat, leaning closer to his mirror and examining them. Fuck. He would have definitely noticed George's lips on his neck, right? When had he even been in the position to reach his neck, when Dream had had him pinned down on his stomach the whole time? Was Dream so cockdrunk, driven by pure need to have his dick wet, that he didn't notice that George was sucking marks into his skin? Fuck.

He groans in frustration, hands gripping his bathroom counters so hard his knuckles whiten. Whatever. Whatever, whatever, whatever. He'll deal with the consequences in the morning.

In the morning, the hickeys are still there.

And surprisingly, he still remembers the name of the boy who gave them to him.

~~RULE NUMBER THREE~~

"What's gotten into you?" Sapnap nudges him, causing his cup to slosh and liquid spill out onto the floor. They're back at the club again- which isn't unusual, sometimes they're here every day of the week to fill Dream's insatiable need to divide and conquer. "You're not even looking at anyone right now."

This is true. Dream's been staring at the bottom of his cup for what felt like hours by now, just half-heartedly listening to the conversation the other boys were providing him with. Truth be told, he isn't looking *for* anyone. He hasn't been, even though he's taken home four people since he fucked George. Every time he glides his cock in and out of them, all he can think about is George's moans, the way he so prettily gasped his name. All that's burned into his brain are the marks he'd left on Dream; Dream, who's supposed to be untouchable, unreachable, grounded by a couple of now-fading hickeys and a strange attachment to such a common name.

He isn't *in love* or anything. He's convinced he's never been and will never be. But he feels so compelled to see George again, to make him laugh, to kiss him and taste the artificiality of his lip

gloss again.

So when Sapnap jeers at him again, his fist tightens around his plastic cup so tight it crumples under his grasp. "I'm heading out," he announces to the group, and hops out of his seat. This is the first time, he realises, he's walking out of that godforsaken club without candy on his arm, without a mission to complete.

He doesn't mind. For some reason, his mind is clouded with something else. With someone else.

Dream looks up his Uber history, looking at the addresses from which he'd called one about a week ago. One that inadvertently changed him, whether he's willing to admit it or not. He types it back into the Uber app now, and waits impatiently for his car to arrive.

The Florida wind is biting against his bare skin, flitting through the holes of his tshirt down to his chest. Finally, a car pulls up and he gets in, preparing what he's going to say.

Dream stands at the door of George's apartment. This is so unlike him, what was he doing? Had he ever found himself back at a quickie's house before? Never, never in his years of this arrangement. So what has changed now? He doesn't know, but he's hoping the answer lies behind the blue door of George's home.

He knocks. Loud, three times. He knows George is home, he can hear soft music playing from somewhere inside. Dream taps his foot impatiently, waiting for someone to come to the door. He hears murmuring coming from inside, and exhales loudly. He's never had to *wait* for somebody before.

The lock clicks, the door handle pushed and suddenly he's face to face with someone he doesn't recognise. Not George, that's all that matters. Behind him, he can see the faint outline of the apartment he couldn't forget, no matter how plain it was.

"Can I help you?" God, Dream wanted to punch this guy. His tone, so condescending, sneered down at Dream. But he bit back his temper, and presented the stoicism he was so familiar with.

"Is George home?"

The man pokes his head back into the apartment, calling for George. He doesn't have to wait long (thank God) for George to appear now, and once he does, Dream's brain shortcircuits.

His ochre eyes, bright as ever, glimmer as he takes in Dream's form, standing at his door. He's wearing a little pink apron, and a white button down under it. He looks radiant, and Dream wants to bask in his sunlight.

"Dream," George breathes, and Dream lets his heart swell at the way George's breath hitches as he takes him in. "I... wasn't expecting you."

"I'm sorry to disturb you," Dream murmurs. "Is that... your guest?"

George's gaze flits back inside the apartment. "Yeah, I guess," he smiles sheepishly. "Some date I met online the other day. We just had dinner."

“Oh.”

It’s silent for a little while, the two of them just looking at each other, George with curiosity, and Dream with some twisted burning desire.

George speaks first. “What are you doing here, Dream?” His voice isn’t malicious, even though he’s only met those words with spittling sarcasm and dripping venom. “I didn’t think I’d see you again.”

“Yeah, me too, honestly,” he mutters under his breath. He clears his throat. “I was wondering...” Why is his heart hammering? God, steel yourself, coward. “if you were free tonight. For a round two.”

George laughs. Actually throws his head back and laughs. “So, this is your technique?” He asks, a sarcastic smile crossing his features. “Fuck someone, ghost them for a week, and then show up at their door in the middle of a date?”

Dream wants to wrap his hands around George’s throat, pressing and squeezing until he’s begging for mercy. He wants to take back control here, but he can’t do it if there’s nothing to control. Even then, he’s the one standing at George’s doorstep, practically begging to be let in. He wants to run himself into a wall, watch the floor open up and swallow him whole. He burns with shame for the first time in his life, and he doesn’t like the feeling.

“I don’t... usually come back after I ghost them.” God, he sounds like a sap. Is this what George has rendered him into? Some scrawny, pretty boy with a pathetic name, rendering *the* Dream to his knees at his doorstep?

George smiles, light pink dusting his freckled cheeks. He tosses a sideways glance at what must be his date, and then back at Dream. “I gotta admit, he is kinda dreary,” he muses, and Dream’s ears practically perk up at the words. “Give me your number and I’ll text you when he leaves.”

Give him your number. Has Dream ever given someone his number? Usually after a hook up he’d leave without a word, and somehow or other they’d worm their way into someone’s good books to beg for Dream’s phone number. He’s never *voluntarily* given his number to anybody, so why is he accepting George’s phone into his hands? Why is he typing number after number into the call pad, and why is he saving himself as ‘dream :)’?

Don’t get it twisted. He’s still in control. He’s gonna get one more good fuck out of this boy to scratch the itch in his brain, block his number and move on to whoever he would find himself dancing against in the club. He’ll still walk way above others, chin tilted up and graced by the heavens.

Because gods have their setbacks. Gods fall into temptation once in a while. They’re still above men, and he plans to keep it that way.

~~RULE NUMBER FOUR~~

george: 22/6/21, 02:34

dream?

this is george

what's up?

dream: 22/6/21, 02:55

hey!

not much, was just watching some tv

your stupid date over?

george: 22/6/21, 02:56

yeah haha

took him way too long to finish

send me ur location and i'll come over?

dream: 22/6/21, 03:00

shared his location

~~RULE NUMBER ONE~~

George shows up at Dream's door twenty minutes later. When Dream opens the door, he's greeted with a soft smile, and he can't help but notice two small bruises on his neck that are beginning to form. Something bubbles inside of him, ugly and poisonous, but he shoves it aside as he lets George into his house.

He's never let anyone in his home; it's quaint, he'd call it, but definitely better off than most people. It's a bigger home than George's with a full kitchen and a TV in his living room, and he watches George melt over the family pictures that line the ornamental shelf. He feels so seen, so

vulnerable, and he hates it.

“Come on,” he wraps his firm arms around George’s trim waist, nipping at his neck. “Let’s go.”

“I wanna see your pictu- *mmph*, ” Dream shuts him up with a stern press of his lips against George’s, feeling the swollen red tremble under his domineering force. He stumbles back, turning into goo in Dream’s palms, and Dream could literally feel his chest swell with power. He feels so big, holding this soft boy in his palms, pressing his hands deep into the small of George’s back, almost like he’s crowding him closer and closer to him, wanting more of him.

Their mouths arch together in silent harmony, the spit-slick sounds and gentle breaths all that’s heard in the apartment. Dream pulls away first, and it sends George reeling; his eyes have clouded over, his lips kiss-bitten. He *whines* , and Dream drinks it all up.

“Yeah, yeah,” George slurs, hands coming up to grip onto Dream’s t-shirt, fists curling into soft cotton. “Let’s go.”

Dream smiles, sweet and wicked, guiding George to his bedroom. The night spills out into the room, bathing them in pearlescent silver, moonlight scattering across their bodies. It’s a slow night, Dream thinks as he watches the grey clouds inch over the navy skies, but here with a beautiful boy, he couldn’t care less how fast time went, as long as he spent all of it with him.

They kiss again, gentler this time, and Dream rucks his hands under George’s soft shirt. George mumbles something that sounds like a plea to take it off, and Dream obliges him, slowly undoing the pearly buttons. George whines. “Hurry up,” he mumbles into Dream’s skin, and Dream just chuckles.

“Patience, baby.”

Dream lets his hands shuck off George’s shirt, exposing his milky skin to the cold air of the room. He watches as George’s breathing shudders, his chest stuttering as he gets used to the chill. “So pretty,” Dream murmurs, taking his time leaving kerosene trails over George’s sternum. “So, so pretty.”

George whimpers, clawing at Dream’s own t-shirt. “Take it off?” he mumbles, lifting it by the hem. Dream shakes his head, palms coming to envelop George’s smaller ones, slowly lifting them off his body.

“Not yet,” He whispers, ember-tipped words licking the shell of George’s ear. “It’s about you tonight.”

Dream has George sitting in front of his full length mirror now, completely bare to the night, and Dream is coddled up behind him. He’s stroking George’s dick, pretty and pink, tip leaking precum in slick globs.

“Dream,” George is gasping, hands coming to grip Dream’s firm forearm, hips bucking up into his hand, searching for more, faster, *please, Dream*. Dream only smiles into the crook where his neck meets his shoulder, his breath slow and tickling the nape of George’s neck.

Behind him he catches the glint of the blade he’d stashed away for this very occasion. He’d never expected to be here, getting George off in front of his mirror. He’d never focused all his energy on getting somebody else off before, only ever skipping to the main event by pressing their face into the pillow and digging his hips into theirs. But now, he feels so much more in control, watching the way George’s face contorts in painful pleasure of being edged for what must have felt like

hours.

His free hand reaches for the blade, feeling the heavy handle in his palm. He's not gonna hurt George; he'd never hurt George. But he can't deny the fantasy he's had of pressing the flat side of the blade against skin, threatening to paint silver into pale flesh, just a little nick for George to remember him by. "Baby," he coos, bringing the blade closer to the smaller boy. "Can I use this?"

God, now he's asking for permission. Who has he become, putting the decisions in George's hands? But he feels George gulp against him, gasping pants turning into mewls, and suddenly he's nodding his head violently. "Please," he practically begs, eyes catching the way the light reflects off the knife.

Some sort of sweet victory courses through Dream's veins, his cock twitching to life. He's sure George can feel his hardness against his back, pressing through his sweats, but he pays it no mind as he starts to slowly drag the sharp tip against George's skin. Still not harsh enough to cut, but the sensation has George reeling.

"Stay *still*." Dream hisses, commanding him suddenly.

George squirms, trying so hard to be obedient, but his need to come is so overwhelming. Dream chuckles at his desperation, and the blade finds home against the hollow of George's throat.

"I said, *stay still for me*. Unless you wanna get hurt, you better fucking listen." His voice drips with honeyed venom, sickly sweet and trickles into George's ears. He's so close to George he feels like they're one, crawling under each other's skin. "Or is that what you want?"

George whimpers, his eyes screwing shut as he relishes in the icy sensation of steel against his bare skin. He's so warm, Dream thinks, like he's melting into a puddle in Dream's hands. His lips are moving, but no sound comes out, and Dream presses the blade further.

"What are you saying, baby? Praying to your god?" He teases, keeping the hand on his cock pumping at a steady pace. George's eyes shoot open.

"I—" He stutters, head turning back to glance at Dream. His amber eyes are blown wide with pure euphoria and Dream can't get enough of his fucked-out face. "I don't believe in god."

The words make Dream's skin broil, and he cups two fingers under George's chin, forcing him to look back in the mirror. He's splayed out, so inviting, so tantalising, and all Dream wants to do is ruin him, corrupt him, paint his milky skin red and blue and purple. "Oh yeah?" Dream purrs into his shoulder. He presses the cool steel gently against George's throat, and he can feel the boy's breath hitch in his throat. He feels so powerful, holding George so close to him like this, feeling him tremble under even the ghost of a touch. "Well, I'll make you."

George is gasping for air, pleading for more, grinding his hips into the hardness in Dream's pants. Dream just hums, vibrating softly against George's shoulder. His cock is twitching, closing in on his first orgasm of the night, the tip turning a brilliant red.

"Dream," he mewls, and a sudden shift has the blade nicking the skin of his neck. He gasps, watching in the mirror as crimson beads rise to the surface, and his eyes almost roll back in his skull.

Dream tuts. "Is that the best you can do?" His words are thick with poison, thorny malice shaping his words into daggers that dig into George's chest. "I'm giving you so much, and you won't even stay still for me. I should leave you like this, shouldn't I? Make you crawl back to that stupid date

who couldn't even get you off?"

His mouth is *filthy*, and George fucking loves it. He's shaking his head, begging, *no, no, please don't leave me.*

"Are you going to listen to me?"

George responds with a shaky nod.

"*Answer me.* Use your big boy words. Are you going to listen to me, or am I going to have to leave you here?"

George gulps, and Dream can feel his throat bob, the knife moving along with it. Adrenaline is crashing through his veins, and this, he realises, is all he's living for. To get George off, to scare him, to plant the idea in his head that he could never live the same life without him again. His eyes glitter emerald as George whimpers out, "Yes, yes, I'm trying so hard."

He smirks. His voice is almost bored as he says, "Well, not enough. Tell me, baby, is this how you treat a god?"

George's whine cuts off into a strangled moan as Dream continues the assault on his cock, gasping against the blade as Dream watches him fall through rings of debauchery in the mirror. He loves this, he *loves* it. He loves the way George is trembling under his grasp, almost terrified by the unpredictability of the situation, what Dream could do and would do to him. His cock is twitching to life, and he wants so desperately to let it free and fuck George to an inch of his life, but he steels himself.

"Well?" He tuts against George's skin. "Don't forget that I'm in control right now, baby. Don't forget that I could drag this knife across your body. I could just cum in you, and leave you to bleed. Do you want that, Georgie?" He smiles quietly against George's shoulder, teeth grazing his skin.

"I- Please, *please, Dream*, I've been so good- *so good, I'll do anything*," George whines out, and Dream slips his thumb over the slicked up slit of his cockhead.

He hums. "I like the sound of that," he murmurs. "What would you do, George? Tell me what you'd do for me."

George gasps. "I'll devote myself- *mmph, fuck-* to you," he stutters.

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Dream's mind starts to cloud over, and he swallows thickly, his throat coated in fur. His heart beats out of his chest, and god, this is what he wanted. This is what he lives for. Seeing George's blissed out face, gasping his name like a prayer, promising to live in devoutness for him.

"Maybe you aren't as dumb as you look," He manages to even his voice, murmuring just loud enough for George to hear. "You close, baby? You wanna cum?"

George nods shakily, mewling whimpers passing his swollen lips. He's bitten them raw with the amount of stimulation he's undergone, and his eyes are so glazed over he looks almost ready to pass out. "I'm- I'm so close, Dream, *so close.*"

"Good." Dream quickens his pace, lewd noises from his hand covered in slick as he brings George to his edge again. "Cum for me, George. Show me how good you're gonna be for me."

His name leaves George's lips in a strangled whine as George comes undone, white spilling out

over his hand and staining the carpet and the mirror. His breathing, uneven, trembles as he collapses against Dream's chest, throwing his head back on his shoulder. Dream drops the knife, a soft thud on the floor, and his free hand comes to smooth George's sweat-slick hair off his forehead.

"You did good, sweetheart." He coos, pressing a sweet kiss to his temple. "Now, are you ready to make me cum?"

George tilts his chin up to look at Dream, and the way his amber eyes, lidded and soft, look so exhausted makes Dream wanna fuck into him so roughly he sees stars. The boy nods, smiling softly, and Dream smiles back.

He guides them gently to the bed, where he lays George down on the silk sheets. He looms over his boy, tearing off his t-shirt and shucking down his pants, ready to hover in between his legs and fuck him until he's shaking.

"Wait," George slurs, two small hands coming up to push at Dream's chest. "I wanna- wanna..."

Dream halts his movements, a hand coming up to cup George's cheek. "What is it? Do you wanna stop?"

George shakes his head vehemently. "Wanna ride you," he murmurs, pushing himself up onto his elbows. Dream frowns.

"You're exhausted. Let me-" But he's cut off by George's lips pressing against his own.

"Please? Let me make you feel good," George says, gripping Dream by the shoulders and nudging him into sitting up against the headboard. Dream chuckles, and lets him clamber over his lap, straddling his hips. He grinds his ass into the hardness in Dream's boxers, his weeping cock almost riling back to life.

George's nimble fingers find his waistband, pulling at them until Dream cants his hips up, letting him pull them off and his cock jumps up to slap against his stomach. Dream is big, bigger than anyone he's been with, with heavy girth and prominent veins running up the underside of his cock. George gapes at the sheer size of it, even though it isn't the first time he's seen it. He takes it in his small hands, dwarfed by just how big Dream is.

"You're huge," he whispers, and it just burns in the pits of Dream's ego. He's heard that said a thousand times before, but there's just something about the way George says it, his swollen lips fluid and his eyes shimmering, that makes him swell with pride. "You're going to destroy me."

Dream reaches over to his bedside table, gripping the bottle of lube and squirting a fair bit into his hands. "Come on," he coaxes George into lying on his chest, hands snaking down to prod at his hole. "Lemme prep this cunt for my cock, okay?"

George whines, nodding against his chest as he feels Dream's first thick finger breach his hole. It pushes past the tight ring of muscle, and Dream swears he's the tightest he's ever had. George makes such pretty sounds as Dream pumps his finger in and out of him before swiftly adding another, scissoring them to stretch him out. He bucks his hips messily, a sweet moaning mess on Dream's chest.

Dream pulls his fingers out with such sudden abruptness, George doesn't even register it until his hand comes down sharply on the cheeks of his ass. He jolts, a gasp ripping through his throat at the stinging pain. "Stop squirming," Dream commands, and he can see fat tears start to brim over

George's eyelashes. "You said you'd be good, so *be good*."

"Yes, yes," George murmurs. "I'm so sorry, I'm sorry."

"Better be," Dream spits, before pushing his fingers back into George's cunt. Three thick fingers are enough to push George closer to another release, but Dream doesn't allow it. He pulls his fingers out and manhandles George back on top of his cock, hovering just above his tip. "Ready?"

And George lets out the most beautiful sounds, pleas of, *yes, yes, please Dream, give it to me, please I want it so bad*. Dream has no choice but to give it to him, let him sink down inch by inch onto his fat cock.

George's hands are scrambling for purchase on Dream's shoulders, pressing his fingernails into supple skin. Dream hisses at the contact but doesn't stop him, watching the way his head tilts up the more Dream drags his body down onto his dick. Finally, finally their hips meet and Dream bottoms out inside George, and it's euphoria and it's bliss as George's hole clenches to get used to the intrusion.

Dream allows him no time at all to get comfortable, dragging his hips up and down his cock to gain friction. George is babbling nonsense, not a single coherent sentence leaving his mouth and Dream decides he likes it like this. He likes reducing George to nothing but a fuckdoll, only good for wetting his cock and praising his ego. He grinds his hips into George, his cockhead bumping clumsily into George's sweet spot.

"Dream, *ah*," George gasps, slinging his arms around Dream's shoulders, bouncing himself atop his cock. "Fuck, you're so big inside me, you're so big--"

"Mmm," Dream hums, threading his fingers through George's hair and giving it a harsh tug. "That good, baby? Tell me who's making you feel this good baby, tell me."

"You are," George is breathless, chasing his second high. "You are, Dream, so good, *so good*."

"Yeah?" Dream taunts. "Better than that stupid date you had just now?"

"So much better!" He's whining now, his movements getting sluggish as he quivers in Dream's grip. "You're so good to me, you're the best I've ever had, god, god, god, please."

It burns in Dream's chest when he realises; George isn't calling on the heavens, isn't begging the angels for pleasure. He's calling Dream, pleading for him now, and it just fuels the burning fire of his ego that swells in his abdomen.

"Yeah? I'm making you feel so good baby? Your *god* making you feel this good?" Dream's hand comes up to wrap around George's throat. He's reaching his own edge, the tight coil slowly building in his gut, but he pushes it away, focusing on George first. "Say it, baby. Tell me who you believe in."

"You!" George yelps, breaths staggering as Dream squeezes his throat so slightly. "You're my god, I believe in you, please, *please, please*--"

Dream's lips are by his ear now, and his hips are snapping upwards at a brutal pace that leaves George keening. "I own you, Georgie," he whispers. "You belong to me now. You're at my mercy, and you worship me, isn't that right? I'm your god, aren't I, baby?"

George nods feebly, his head falling into Dream's shoulder as his cries turn into mindless babble, soft whines and weeping mewls. Dream can feel his hot tears scalding the skin of his shoulder, and

it only presses him to go harder, to fuck him deeper. Every thrust against his prostate sends George into a flurry, gripping the skin of Dream's back tightly.

"You'll do as I say." Dream hisses, feeling his own orgasm creep up on him. "You're gonna cum, right now. Come on, cum for me, George. Cum for your god."

Slick is running down Dream's cock, pooling on his thighs and his velvety balls as George cries out again, petals unfurling as he comes apart for the second time tonight. White paints the space between their bodies, splattering onto Dream's abs. Dream grunts, fucking George relentlessly through his high, chasing his heaven that awaits him at the end of George's tight hole.

He cums, cums, cums so hard into George, spilling scalding seed deep into George who so obediently takes it, cooing softly as Dream snaps. They stay there for a while, basking in the afterglow of their shimmering orgasms, listening in easy silence as their breaths return to normal. George gingerly sits up, bracing himself with weak hands against Dream's chest, and smiles at him, fingers coming up to wipe his fringe out of his face.

"Thank you," he whispers, and Dream swears that he could do this again, fuck himself into George's cunt forever and never tire of it.

~~RULE NUMBER TWO~~

George spends the night. They shower together, washing their spit and sin off of each other, taking turns to massage shampoo into one another's hair. Dream lets him borrow his clothes, his shirts coming down to George's thighs, and finds a spare toothbrush for him to use.

They settle into bed and George is out like a light, leaving Dream to lie awake, watching the night lights twinkle behind him. He bites his lip, thinking of him, a god amongst men, grounded by a boy with amber eyes and a twinkling laugh. He wonders about all his conquests in the past, and asks himself if he's ever felt like this. If he had ever been capable of feeling.

He's never brought himself down to such a mortal level. He's never let himself dwell too long on one subject at a time. He lives his life the way he wants to, never befall to anyone else's whims. He's only ever walked above them, and never with them.

As he watches George sleep, the rhythmic rise and fall of his chest, the subtle twitch in his face as he slips into dreamland, Dream realises that even gods can fall.

~~RULE NUMBER FIVE~~

End Notes

yup anyway. let me know what u think. love y'all

all my love,
agora

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